Though you are old enough to be my heire,
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
For doe we muſt, what force will haue vs doe:
Set on towards London, Coſen is it ſo?
Bul. Yea my good Lord:
King. Then I muſt not ſay no.

Enter the Queene with her attendants

Quee. What ſport ſhall we deuiſe here in this garden,
To driue away the heauy thought of care?
Lady Madame weele play at bowles.
Quee. Twil make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs againſt the bias.
Lady Madame weele daunce.
Quee. My legs can keepe no meaſure in delight,
When my poore hart no meaſure keepes in griefe:
Therfore no dauncing girle, ſome other ſport,
Lady Madame weele tell tales.
Quee. Of ſorrow or of griefe.
Lady Of either Madame.
Quee. Of neither girle:
For if of ioy, being altogither wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogither had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I need not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.
Lady Madame Ile ſing.
Quee. Tis well that thou haſt cauſe,
But thou ſhouldſt pleaſe me better, wouldſt thou weepe.
Lady I could weepe; Madame would it doe you good?
Quee. And I could ſing would weeping doe me good,
And neuer borrow any teare of thee.

Enter Gardeners.

But ſtay, here come the gardeners,
Lets ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees,
My wretchednes vnto a row of pines,

They will talke of ſtate for euery one doth ſo,
Againſt a change woe is fore-runne with woe.
Gard. Go bind thou vp yong dangling Aphricokes,
Which like vnruly children make their ſire,
Stoope with oppreſsion of their prodigall weight.
Giue ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs,
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of two faſt growing ſpraies,
That looke too loftie in our common-wealth.
All muſt be euen in our gouernement.
You thus employed, I will goe roote away
The noyſome weedes which without profit ſucke
The ſoiles fertilitie from wholſome flowers.
Man. Why ſhould we in the compas of a pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing as in a modle our firme eſtate,
When our ſea-walled garden the whole land
Is full of weedes, her faireſt flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprunde, her hedges ruinde,
Her knots diſordered, and her holſome hearbs
Swarming with caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that htah ſuffered this diſordered ſpring,
Hath now himſelfe met with the fall of leafe:
The weedes which his broad ſpreading leaues did ſhelter,
That ſeemde in eating him to hold him vp,
Are pluckt vp roote and all by Bullingbrooke,
I meane the Earle of Wiltſhire, Buſhie, Greene,
Man. What are they dead?
Gard. They are.
And Bullingbrooke hath ceaſde the waſtefull king;
Oh what pitie is it that he had not ſo trimde,
And dreſt his land as we this garden at time of yeare
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Leſt being ouer prowd in ſap and bloud,
With too much riches it confound it ſelfe
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,